

ON *Exclusive in The Daily Carmelite*  
PAPER *by* FREDERICK  
WINGS O'BRIEN

HOOVER's dry head is seeking college youths as sleuths. What a way to use an education!

§ §

"To Robinson Jeffers, Carmel poet laureate, the world is one vast magnificent metaphor, and the men and women in it whirling shapes lent by Fate to fill it, can properly enough let politics and economics take care of themselves while he occupies himself with writing poetry." "The Nation" says that, comparing Jeffers' desires and occupations with Dreiser's, who is busied in attacking the Power Trust, courts and brutal cops, besides, suing Hollywood for butchering his "American Tragedy" film. The ivory tower versus the lecturing tour.

§ §

HIKING from California to New York, a mother, twenty-six, carrying a three-months-old baby, begged milk and orange juice along the route. Mother faded on the way from a hundred and sixty-seven pounds to ninety-six. A new fat cure, but one must catch a baby first.

§ §

PRETTY women are immune to cancer; they are cleaner. So says a scientist. It is hard to keep washing ugliness, unless it's a Peking fice.

§ §

READ "Hot News," a new book, if you want to know how tabloid papers are run in New York and Chicago. It is by a present Hearst tabloid editor, a former "Bodylove" Macfadden tabloid editor. It is horrible, true, and getting worse.

§ §

WITHOUT the dole, England would be in revolution. These United States will have employment or income insurance, work or no work, (the dole), within three years, or there will be hell on the Potomac. The most eager for it will be finance, Big Business. Already, the great insurance companies, the true realists of America, make ready to enter this field, wholesale. The endless opponents of the dole are,—whom do you think? Communists.

\*\*\*Frederick O'Brien speaks through Station KPO every Thursday evening.

# THE DAILY CARMELITE

VOL. IV  
NO. 23-3

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA: MONDAY, JULY 27, 1931

OFFICIAL 3c  
PAPER

## Carmel Exhibit from New York

An exhibition of interest to Carmel residents is now open at Edda Maxwell Heath's new studio on Casanova and Ocean. Part of this exhibition was hung in the Babcock Galleries, New York City, two years ago.

Miss Heath is a marine painter of sincerity and thoroughness. Her canvases, nearly all Point Lobos and Pebble Beach scenes, have a salty atmosphere shining through them. The rocks look sea worn and sea weedy, and Monterey pines are given diversified interpretation.

But it is with sea currents, so complex and unending here on this coast, that Miss Heath does her best work. Her brush strokes indicate with feminine strength the swirl and suction of currents sweeping past indomitable rocks.

"Miss Heath is a reporter of the fortunes of this war of elements. When the urge of weather is from the land the scene becomes placid and almost languorous. Then the sea gathers for assault, when the urge is from the west."

## THE TRAIL AHEAD

Tomorrow—Brossa Quartette, concluding recital, Studio Theatre.

Thursday, July thirtieth—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Forest Theater (four nights.)

Wednesday, July twenty-ninth: Carol Eberts Veazie in reading of "Green Grow the Lilacs," Greenroom of the Studio Theatre.

Thursday, August sixth: "Beggar on Horseback," Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough (four nights).

Saturday-Sunday, August eighth-ninth Perry Dilly Puppets, Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Tuesday, August eleventh: Frederick Preston Search, 'cellist, in recital, Studio Theatre.

Friday-Saturday, August fourteenth-fifteenth—Luisa Espinel, Denny-Watrous Gallery.

## A Day at the Rodeo

by ELIZABETH HOUGHTON  
(Our Youngest Contributor)

Ride 'em Cowboy! The white gate of shute number one opens and out comes a real wild and wooly cowboy, mounted on a half-crazed, excited bull. You catch a glimpse of a royal purple colored shirt first on the back of the beast, then wallowing in the arena's dust. Again you see the opening gate—every time revealing a new Rodeo surprise.

This time it's "Let 'er buck!" A cowboy mounted (or he is mounted when he starts!) on one of those naughty bucking broncos that have a fussy idea in their head that they don't want a rider on their back and try to dispense with him as soon as possible. Though the broncs had odd and interesting names, such as Nevada Jim, Skyrocket, Skee Ball and Gunpowder. I think that the latter name describes the broncs as well as any. Speaking of names, there was actually a rider by the name of C. A. Steer astride a steer—no a bull.

There is a slight gap in the entertainment as an announcement is given over the broadcasting doohinky; you catch your breath a minute and look at the arena, quietly. The sight is really picturesque. The lead colored dust of the large arena, is brightly decorated with a border of loud-colored shirts, hats and chaps. Your eye chances on the glitter from some shiny piece of metal on a saddle or bridle. Ah! the west, as it is only once a year—horses, bright moving colors, cowboys, cowgirls and everything that is, or should be, attached to our west.

The trick riders are on! A galloping horse flies by the grandstand, flowing mane, and a man or woman turning cartwheels, or some other equally dangerous trick, on the side of the horse. Oddly enough, a brave cowgirl, in a pure white riding outfit, escaped all injuries in trick riding, but when it came to the line-up for the track race, jockey-

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE



**WALDVOGEL**  
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## Personalia

Edward Westons' retrospective exhibit of photographs (1914-31) opens with a reception this evening at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene entertained Saturday evening at a large reception for the musicians, Kathleen Parlow and Margaret Tilly. The reception was held in their studio after the concert in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Doctor David Spence entertained at a dinner party in his Pebble Beach home Friday evening. The guests were Misses Jean Wingfield, Jean Wallace, Patricia and Agnes Clark, and Jack Morse, Richard Collins, and James Kemble Mills of Carmel.

A gay picnic held at Pebble Beach yesterday was attended by the Misses Betty Frank, Audrey Martin, Jean Wingfield and Virginia Law, Messrs. Frank Work, Raphael Dohrmann, Tommy Becker, Ernest Mendenhall, and Vallejo Ganther.

Miss Jane Smith was down from Berkeley to spend the week-end with her sister, Miss Marian Grant Smith.

Having completed a motor trip into Canada along the Carabou Highway, John Rockwell, Bill Dickinson, Bain Reamer, and Stuart Marble returned to San Francisco aboard the "Emma Alexander."

Mrs. Emmett I. Donohue and her three children, Emmett, James, and Joan, have left for a visit in Petaluma.

Mrs. Walter D. Ford, of Redlands, is visiting Mrs. Elliott Durham for two weeks at her home on Casanova and Eleventh.

The Courvoisier Gallery in San Francisco is now showing lithographs of Jose Clemente Orozco. These pictures are duplicates of those shown in the Denny-Watrous Gallery recently.

**JOHAN HAGEMEYER**  
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has re-opened his Carmel Studio,  
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## SATURDAY NIGHT BLAZE

Fire of undetermined origin on Saturday evening did considerable damage to the Goold property, Ocean and San Carlos, and but for rapid work on the part of the volunteer firemen would have jeopardized a large part of the business section.

Originally a hotel, the lower floor in recent years has been used by Peter Mawdsley and the Carmel Dairy. The upper floor, where the fire did the most damage, was given over to two apartments, the occupants of which were said to be absent at the outbreak of the fire. An estimate of the damage was unavailable yesterday, but the upper floor appears to be a complete loss.

## PUPPETEERING IN CARMEL

There is a woman of unusual talent now occupying a studio workshop above the Theatre of the Golden Bough. Mrs. Florence C. Drake, of Palm Beach, makes dolls and puppets. She is giving a puppet show in cooperation with the Tolmie-Delker school early next month. Mrs. Drake believes that puppets and dolls are of great educational value to children. Puppets known in childhood have had enchanting and real influence on such men as Hans Anderson and Goethe. "Give a child a puppet of the Punch and Judy type, that is, worked with the hand," she says, "and a character such as King Arthur, or Robin Hood, and it will create historical sketches and plays of real value." She has emphasized this point in her articles on dolls and puppets in the magazines "Saint Nicholas," "John Martin's," and "Good Housekeeping." Mrs. Drake has invented a simplified puppet on strings which a child can operate. It is tied on one end to a solid object, the suspended figure being in the middle, and the child operating the string on the other end.

These puppets are made of papier mache, which Mrs. Drake models to a likeness of such individuals as Long John Silver, Ali Baba, Junipero Serra, George Washington, and Mother Goose. The faces are finished roughly, so that they can catch the highlights better. Infinite care goes into the making of accurate costumes. Likenesses and costumes are sought in paintings and books.

Mrs. Drake will open a class in puppetry for children later on in the fall, here in Carmel.

## PARLOW-TILLY RECITAL

Mary Lindsay-Olivers' review of the Parlow Tilly recital Saturday evening is unavoidably held over until tomorrow.



# THE DAILY CARMELITE

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, CITY OF CARMEL-BY-SEA

J. A. COUGHLIN ..... Editor and Publisher  
A. R. GLYDE ..... Business Manager

Published every morning except Sunday.  
Entered as second-class matter February 21,  
1923, at the Post Office at Carmel, California,  
under the act of March 3, 1879.

Office of Publication, Burnham Building, De-  
lores Street, Telephone 717

## Carmel Day by Day

By THE GADFLY

Up and anon. Thoughts while mean-  
dering. What so somnolent than an  
early Sabbath morn in our hamlet. A  
sprinkling of left-overs from the wild  
and woolly well-rehearsed performance  
somewhere among the lettuce field  
fields. Giving us that blase stare, as  
'twere. The usual trudging to news-  
emporiums for *la chronique scandaleuse*.  
Some faces registering either boredom or  
satiety. The price of chasing novelties,  
*n'est-ce-pas?* Breakfast haunts disgorg-  
ing the obese and the scrawny with  
Chesterfieldian grimaces. Gaunt-like  
sentinel on duty before his *salle-a-  
manger* alluring the unwary. Looks like  
a Sperry flour ad. Bustling activity in  
a corner grocery; clerks there should  
sing, "For All Eternity." They are like  
stokers or arch-members of the Sun-  
Dodgers' Club. When do they were  
ex-hibernate? Page the Unions. Steady  
stream of motors coming down steep  
grade with the inevitable back-firing as  
they pass the Metropolitan cesspool—  
dem stables. Even the motors are gag-  
ged with the nidorous wafts and I am  
sure at the incongruous vista. Let's de-  
legate Amos and Andy to sprinkle some  
Pepsodent Deodorant.

Seashore again leased by the foreigners  
for the day. Human nature prancing  
in the raw. Adults trying to ward off  
the ravages of Time by aping the full-  
blown adolescents. And, Oh, what con-  
tours: pre-historic, Neo-platonic, Epi-  
curean, Roman, Pre- and Post-Victor-  
ian, all cuddled up with a dash of the  
futuristic. Chance for some landscaper  
or architectural-engineer on *L'Art de  
Physique* to do some re-modelling, re-  
casting or somethin'. Don't mind me;  
I'm peeved with futile attempts to sub-  
duing a double-chin contraption. Envy  
still mauls me when I cast a *coup d'oeil*  
at Apollo or Aphrodite in the bronze.  
Who cares anyway about physical de-  
linquencies. The orb of day doth bid  
the dunes good-night and the sun-  
burned trek over the hil and back to  
their daily grinds for some future sea-  
board revelry. I fly forth with raven-  
ous intent to my stables, where with my

my kin, the illustrious clan of Gadflies,  
I gormandize with unleashed appetite.  
Oh, my, Oh! Pyrotechnic display on  
Ocean Avenue. Feared for my stables.  
See you anon.

## "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"

By FRANCES BAKER

We often stand hesitantly at the door  
wishing for some sixth sense to show us  
whether the five-foot eight before us is  
another indomitable book-agent, or that  
wealthy distant relation we have never  
seen. A few talented housewives have it.  
They are the contented ones who can  
still hum through their morning's work  
without the deafening sound of Go-  
easy vacuums, Happy Home washers or  
Polar frigidaire. They are not all deaf,  
either. They simply have the Napol-  
eonic virtue of instantly knowing a man  
for what he is.

In writing "Beggar on Horseback,"  
Kaufman and Conelly, in philanthropic  
mood, attempt to simplify human rela-  
tions by classifying each type. When a  
butler is needed, not one appears, but no  
less than eight, each exactly alike in  
every detail. The dancing-teachers, six  
of them, could never hide even temp-  
orarily in a boiler factory. Each is ex-  
actly like his partner, meticulous, a  
gigolo to his patent-leather toes.

("Beggar on Horseback, directed by  
Edard Kuster, will be presented at the  
Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough  
August sixth to ninth.)

## PLAY-READING

by GLORIA STUART

A dramatic reading of Philip Barry's  
"Tomorrow and Tomorrow," one of the  
season's most popular plays was given  
Friday evening in the Greenroom of the  
Studio Theatre by Carol Eberts Veazie  
of the Neighbourhood Playhouse in New  
York City.

The plot is similar to that of O'Neill's  
"Strange Interlude," though it does not  
reach that play's high literary value and  
mordant wit. There is little swift  
action, the interest being held by com-  
plete and finely drawn characteriza-  
tions, and well delineated problems.

Mrs. Veazie was at her best in the emo-  
tional scenes between the wife, Eve  
Redmond, and lover, Dr. Nicholas Hay.  
Her voice is admirably suited to deep  
feeling, containing a vibrant timbre in  
these scenes. The reader's concept of the  
silent, faithful valet, Gillespie, was the  
best characterization of the evening.  
Mrs. Veazie will read Lynn Riggs'  
"Green Grow the Lilacs" next Wednes-  
day evening at the same place. This play  
was "runner up" for the 1930 Pulitzer  
prize.

THE DAILY CARMELITE



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**RODEO***from page one*

ing for position, her horse refused to budge and became very stubborn. A cowboy attempted to lead her horse, and it reared up, losing its balance, falling over backwards with the girl under him. Although the girl was not killed, she was badly hurt,—internal injuries, fractured hip. A trick rider that stood out especially, was Kermit Maynard, brother of the well known western rider of the movies, Ken Maynard, who watched his brother from a nearby box, with keen interest.

And speaking of well known people, Alec B. Francis, who is now staying at the Carmel Highlands Inn. Also it was announced that the well known sculptor, Jo Mora, was presenting to the Rodeo, a trophy valued at five thousand dollars, together with a thousand dollars in cash, to the winner of the Rodeo for three years. The Carmel artist took a bow and got a big hand.

The Rodeo is like a three ring circus, so your attention has to be divided perhaps between steer roping, steer decorating on the inside of the arena, or a cowgirl race on the track. A steer dashes across the arena followed closely by a cowboy mounted on a galloping horse. You see the rider, circling at his side his lassoing rope. A cloud of dust and out of it rises a struggling roped steer.

Your attention is diverted by the amusing announcer to the cowgirl track race. They come tearing around the track. A blur of colors. The cerise and orange colored shirts, clash as they pass one another. In a second the race is ended, won by merely an inch of a horse's nose beyond the others.

The announcer makes a wisecrack, and then tells you of the next event, which is the Cowboy Pony Express or relay

race. In the changing of saddles in this race, a mere slip of the hand in fastening the saddle buckle, would find a cowboy leaving his horse and his saddle with him!

Although the announcer proved intensely interesting throughout the Rodeo, his sense of humor seemed to run away with him, in the remarks he made when some fashionable girls and boys of a "ritzy" summer camp played musical chairs on horseback. He seemed to feel that they weren't in their place, trying to compete with the hard riding brave cowgirls. He even went so far as to poke fun at the stout girls, and kidded another by calling her "blondie." But the game proved quite exciting and was a big kick, despite the broadcaster's slams.

There were the pair of usual clowns. Clowns, yes, but one was a very skilled trick rider and the father of a tiny tot that was following in his fathers' stirrups, for trick riding.

And as sort of a wind up of the Rodeo events, there came last, but not least, the wild horse race. And talk about wild horses! They were all suddenly let out on the track, and it was up to the poor cowboys to saddle them. You regarded the turmoil below—colors such as pistacio green, flame, and spring green, dodged here and there. Wild shouts and whinnys, bleating of calves. But when some were lucky enough to get a horse saddled, all they had to do was to ride the wild and jumpy horse in the race, "Ride 'em cowboy!"

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